

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD #3 WRAPAROUND



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NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



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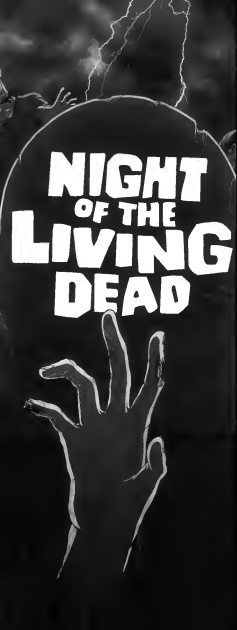
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NIKE VIOLEEN
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NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

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AVATAR™



MRS. CHURCHES HAS NO BATHROOMS. I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE.

I SAID... HELLO? WHAT ARE YOU TWO LOOKING AT?

YOU MISSED IT.



MISSED WHAT?

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG, LARRY? WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS... ATTACKED. I SURELY YOU COULD SAY.

WHAT?



SOME GUY JUMPED HER RIGHT HERE ON THE SIDEWALK.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING. ARE YOU OKAY? WHERE IS HE?

I PUNCHED HIM IN THE FACE AND HE TOOK OFF DOWN THE STREET. WE WENT AFTER TWO OTHER PEOPLE.

FUCKING NUTS. I GUESS.



ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT DID HE DO?

HE JUST GRABBED ME, ROSE. THAT'S THE REALITY.

I WAS LUCKY.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TOOK YOU TWO SO LONG IN THERE, BUT THANK GOD CHRISTIAN WAS HERE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "YOU TAG?"

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING. IT'S NOT LIKE WE WERE IN THERE FOREVER.



I MEAN, WE WERE BOTH IN THE CHURCH, BUT HE WENT HIS WAY AND I...

JERK. RELAX, TRACK.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I THINK.







THEIR STORY WILL THERE MIGHT BE SOME TRUTH TO IT.

TAKE A LOOK.



WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT GUARD COMMANDER DOWN ON 17TH?

UH... BROOKS, SIR.

LOCATE HIM, NOW.



...WE ARE NOT HERE TO MAKE A POINT BUT TO PROVE ONE: THAT THE IMPERIALIST ATTITUDES OF THIS NATION'S ADMINISTRATION WILL NOT BE TOLERATED BY A POLLUTED AND STAGNANT CONSCIOUSNESS.

WE ARE NOT CATTLE TO BE SLAUGHTERED. OUR DREAMS INTERLUDED AND UNSPOKEN.

AND OUR SIMPLE STATE OF BEING, AS ONE SINGLE, SINGING, LIVING ENTITY BREATHING DOWN THE NECKS OF THE BIG INDUSTRIALISTS AND WAR-MONSTERS CAN NO LONGER BE IGNORED.



WE ARE BROTHERS AND SISTERS, UNITED BY LOVE AND GUIDED BY THE COSMIC THEORY OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

REGARDLESS OF HOW WE ARE LABELED BY THE MEDIA, WE ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

WE ARE NOT NAZIS. WE ARE NOT CHRISTIANS, JEWS, MUSLIMS OR AMERICANS.

WE ARE NOT REVOLUTIONARIES. WE ARE SIMPLY AND FOREVER HUMAN BEINGS AND THIS ILLEGAL ACT OF ASSASSINATION AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF VIETNAM MUST END!





I'VE
GOTTA GO
NOW!
GOOD
LUCK TO
YOU GUYS!



CHRISTIAN!



WAIT
FOR ME!



IT WAS
BOUND TO
HAPPEN
SOONER OR
LATER

I GUESS IT'LL
JUST BE YOU AND
ME ON THE RIDE
HOME TONIGHT.
AH!?



YEAH... BUT YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE SUCH A
DICK ABOUT IT!



PICK!

MURDERERS!









OHAY OHAY
MOVE BACK
PLEASE.

CAN WE
MAKE A PATH
THROUGH HERE
FOR ROBBIE?
PLEASE?



MR.
NEWMAN

EXCUSE ME
CAN YOU MAKE
ROOM FOR
ME... EXCUSE
ME...

MR.
NEWMAN! IT'S
IMPORTANT!



WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
ROBBIE DOESN'T
SPEAK TO THE
SHIRTY AT LEAST
NOT WITHOUT
SECURITY

IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT. I HAVE
SOMETHING
INFORMATION
ABOUT NAIL...

SOMETHING
MR. NEWMAN
COULD USE TO
BLOW THIS
THING WIDE
OPEN.



COME
FORWARD.
THEN: BRIBE
SOLDIER AND
LAY IT ON
ME.

I'M ALWAYS
UP FOR A GOOD
WHISTLE-BLOWING,
AS LONG AS IT'S
ON THE OTHER
SIDE



TELL ME
ABOUT
YOURSELF.

I'M
CHRISTIAN.

AND I'M A
JAIL NICK
TO WANT
YOU...



MR. PRESIDENT
SIR, I HAVE AN
UPDATE FOR YOU ON
THE SITUATION AT
THE NATIONAL
MALL.

THAT DOESN'T
SOUND
PROMISING...



...IF IT'S
SOME FORM A
"PROTEST" TO A
"SITUATION,"
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

INFORMATION
IS STILL
SKETCHY, BUT
THERE'S BEEN
VIOLENCE. 23
PEOPLE KILLED ON
THE STEPS OF THE
LINCOLN
MEMORIAL.

OH, LORD.
NO... THE
NATIONAL
GUARD?



NO, NO. THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
HAS NO IDEA, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS
MOST LIKELY
PROTESTORS, BOTH
VICTIMS AND
ASSAILANTS.

WHICH
DOESN'T MAKE
IT SET ANY
BETTER. THAT'S
TERRIBLE.

THERE'S
MORE
BUT I
THERE?



WELL,
YES.

IT'S
UNSUBSTANTIATED,
TOTALLY
UNCONFIRMED.

WHAT
IS?



EVERYTHING
TO THE WARDEN...
THEY SAY THE
ATTACKERS WERE
ZOMBIES.

SOME OF
THE VICTIMS
BODIES WERE
PARTIALLY
EATEN, I
THINK...

IT'S POSSIBLE
THAT THE
PLANE WAS
OVER LIKE WE
THOUGHT.













GO HOME
PS!

I'M
READY

GO BACK TO
THE BAR,
MURDERER!

WELL, YOU'RE ON,
BROTHER.

YOU'RE
POING A
REALLY
BRAVE
THING.



MY NAME IS
CORPORAL
CHRISTIAN HODGES,
3 COMPANY 86TH
AIRBORNE
DIVISION, US
ARMY.

BURN IN
HELL!

I'M HERE
TO READ A
LETTER
ADDRESSED TO
PRESIDENT
LYNDON B.
JOHNSON.



THE
PRESIDENT

I AM A
PROUD AMERICAN
AND I LOVE MY
COUNTRY DEARLY.
WHEN I WAS CALLED, I
ANSWERED, WITHOUT
HESSITATION AND
WITHOUT QUESTION.

IN JULY OF 1967, I
WAS DEPLOYED TO
SOUTH VIETNAM, AND WAS
DETERMINED TO DO
EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO
ENSURE THAT DEMOCRACY
STAYED WITHIN THE HANDS
OF THE VIETNAMESE
PEOPLE.

I WAS
DEALISTIC, AND THE
POLITICS OF WHY WE ARE
THERE WERE LOST TO ME.
BUT I DID NOT WITH THIS
LETTER TO EXPLAIN WHO I
AM. THE TORMENT IN ONE
MAN'S SOUL, MY SOUL, IS
UNIMPORTANT IN THE
OVERALL SCHEME OF
THINGS.

INSTEAD,
THIS LETTER IS
DESIGNED TO LET
YOU KNOW WHAT IS
REALLY GOING ON IN
VIETNAM, BECAUSE I
HAVE LIVED IT, AND
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.

JUST SOUTH OF THE DEMARCATION LINE WITH NORTH VIETNAM WAS A VILLAGE NAMED HOI LAI.

ON OCTOBER 15TH, 1969, J COMPANY WAS ORDERED INTO HOI LAI TO DO RECONNAISSANCE BECAUSE OF SUSPECTED VIET CONG ACTIVITY WITHIN THE VILLAGE.

J COMPANY ENTERED HOI LAI AND WAS THERE FOR MORE THAN 36 HOURS.



DURING THAT TIME, WE UNCOVERED NOT ONE ENEMY COMBATANT. NO EVIDENCE OF VIET CONG ACTIVITY AND NOT ONE ROUND WAS FIRED AGAINST US.

BUT BEFORE J COMPANY WAS PULLED OUT, OVER 500 SOUTH VIETNAMESE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED.



THE FIRST SUSPECTED ENEMY TO DIE WAS IN A RICE PADDY OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE, WHOSE CRIME WAS RUNNING WHEN WE APPROACHED SHE WAS SHOT BY A PRIVATE, ON DIRECT ORDER.

THE GIRL WAS ABOUT 20 YEARS OLD AND WAS TRYING TO RECOVER HER BABY WHO WAS 15 FEET AWAY FROM HER, SLEEPING IN A WICKER BAGNET AS SHE WORKED IN THE FIELD.

WHEN WE GOT TO HER, SHE WAS STILL ALIVE, CRYING AND BEGGING FOR MERCY.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER FIRED SEVERAL ROUNDS INTO THE BARE BUSHES KILLING THE MOTHER.

ONCE WE WERE IN THE VILLAGE, IT ONLY GOT WORSE, AND IT BECAME A DISGUSTING, HORRIFIC BLOODBATH BEYOND IMAGINING. IT WAS INHUMAN WHAT WE DID. ONE SOLDIER COMMENTED THAT THE VIETNAMESE WEREN'T EVEN HUMAN, SO IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT WE DID.

WITH THEIR HANDS RAISED AND PLEADING FOR THEIR LIVES, THE VILLAGERS WERE ROUNDED UP AND TORTURED, BURNED ALIVE OR DISMEMBERED IN FRONT OF THEIR FAMILIES.



YOUNG GIRLS HAD THEIR THROATS SLIT WHILE THEY WERE BEING RAPED.

BABIES WERE REPEATEDLY THROWN AGAINST THE GROUND TO SEE HOW MUCH THEY COULD ENDURE BEFORE THEIR SKIN RUPTURED.

DOZENS WERE HERDED INTO DITCHES AND SPRAYED WITH AUTOMATIC RIFLE FIRE, AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED AND CRAWLED TO THE SURFACE OF THE DITCH WERE HIT BY GRENADE LAUNCHERS.



THE ONLY SHOT I FIRED WAS INTO MY OWN LEG, SO THAT I COULD BE IMPROVED OUT.

AND NO ONE WILL TALK AND THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THE SLAUGHTER EVEN HAPPENED. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS, AND THE VILLAGE WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND AND BURIED.

I WILL NOT NAME THOSE WHO PARTICIPATED THAT IS FOR YOU TO UNCOVER.

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL SLEEP WELL TONIGHT MR. PRESIDENT.









